

O A N Z O N i 6 ,



'Ow have I forfeited thy kind regard,
 That thy disdain should thus enage thy brow!
 Which, whilom, was the scripture and the card
 Whereon thou made thy game, and sealed thy
 vow Which, whilom, thou, with laurel vaticai,
 Ennobled hast (high signal of renown !),
 Marrying my voice with thine, hast said withal,
 " Be thou alone, lonely thou, AMPHION ! "
 O how hath black night welked up this day ? My
 wasted hopes, why are they turned to graze In
 pastures of despair? ZEPHERIA say> Wherein
 have I, on love committed trespass ! O, if in
 justice, thou must needs acquit me, Reward
 me with thy love ! Sweet, heal me with thy
pity I

C A N Z O N 17.

How shall I deck my Love in love's habiliment,
 And her embellish in a right depaint ? Sith
 now is left, nor rose, nor hyacinth, Each one
 their beauties with their hue acquaint.

The gold ceiling of thy brow's rich frame
 Designs the proud pomp of thy face's
 architure. Crystal transparent casements to
 the same, Are thine eyes' sun, which do the
 world depure;

Whose silvery canopy, gold-wire fringes. Thy
 brow, the bowling place for CUPID'S eye. Love's
 true-love knots, and lily-lozenges, Thy cheeks,
 depainten in an immortal dye.

If well, thou limned art, now, by face
 imagery;
 Judge, how, by life, I then should pencil thee!